

Fusan, July 30, 1913.

Dear dear Lillie - Almost two weeks in Korea!
Your dear letters have gladdened my heart all
the way - and I thank you, for you cannot know
just what home letters mean unless you are
also "far from home" and with a homesick
heart. I expect lots of home mail as soon
as I reach Pyeng Yang, which I expect to do
next week. It has been hot with the heat
of an Oriental sun which seems to have some
peculiar dangers in its rays for the stranger, as
they all want me to stay here where we get
sea breezes most of the time. Then it
is a twenty four hours R.R. trip from Fusan to
Pyeng Yang and that means going to bed where
there are Oriental ideas and Orientals to carry
them out and all sorts of experiences that I
very much dread. So, George is going on a
trip next week, that will take him all the way
to Pyeng Yang with me. Isn't that luck? A
lady missionary was telling me one of her ex-
periences traveling alone. You know the seats are
lengthwise of the car. She was reading a book and
glanced up to see the Japanese opposite her
taking off his American clothes and folding them
carefully away and then putting on Japanese
clothes, all this in the open coach and not three
feet from her! Needless to say she was intensely
interested in that book. They often do all sorts
of things to their clothes right on the train. I was all
alone in a coach for five hours coming from Kobe,
in Japan, to the boat for Korea and I tell you they
were anxious hours for a well dressed Japanese
kept coming in and sitting down opposite me until
I was nervous enough to cry. When he reached the end of
the route he said to me in perfect English, "Shall I

2 Call a porter for your baggage?" He had had his baggage brought in and put down by mine. You can imagine my feelings when I was there alone at night and no one of my color or race to speak to. We were to go from the R. R. station to the ferry boat that would take us out to the launch on which I crossed from Japan to Fusan. I didn't know where the ferry was, it was night and the place swarming with foreigners to whom I could not speak! But I saw the Japanese R. R. official with "Passenger Guide" on the red band around his sleeve and I asked him to show me the ferry, which he did. When I got on the boat - the only woman, - I saw two white men! They looked like heavenly beings of some sort. I don't know their nationality or a thing about them but I heard them talking the blessed English language and I moved up close just to hear the sweet tones! When I went to climb from the ferry boat to the launch I found one of those white messengers right beside me and when he steadied me by putting his hand under my elbow just like a dear American, I almost cried again. Isn't that all silly? But, oh, you have to be far away, in conditions so strange and fearful and desperately lonely and homesick just to realize how a little thing like that helped. The Japanese R. R. officials all talk a little English but it is so Japanized you can't understand it and they misunderstood you. Travel here is not like in America though it is wonderful progress for a land so long secluded and so new to new conditions. I believe Japan is going to wonderfully develop Korea, in material directions. These Japs are indeed a marvelous race. They must be reckoned with.

3. The other day Blanche's Bible woman came for her to go on their regular visitation to the houses and I was to go with them. I wish you could see this woman's face, it is beautiful with the Spirit that dwells in her, though ^{outwardly} plain and brown. She looks so spotless and smiles so beautifully and Blanche says her prayers are wonderful. I know there is prayer in her voice. She had her bag containing a Bible in Korean, her hymn book and some tracts. Before we started she knelt and prayed so devoutly. As we started George took a picture of us which we will send sometime when it is developed. We went away a long distance to a large village where the largest Korean congregation is. It is strange to walk through these Korean villages and see the lack of order in the street system. You wind around and around over gutters and along the sides of the houses which are set one against the other and so close you can't tell one house from another. The first house we visited, the yard or "brat'ang" was full of great stone jars, some covered, some open. Some were water jars and I saw women and children carrying these great jars of water on their heads from the hydrant - for Fusan has water works. The old lady of the house took her dress and rubbed a place clean on the little "maroo" or wooden porch in front of the best room for us to sit on. Oh, oh, the smells! Right under my nose sat a basket of fish prepared for the cooking and then there were other unmentionable things about. But it was the people we wanted. The old woman and her daughter were ironing so they went right on as we sat about on the floor. They sat on the floor and the mother held one end of the garment with both hands while the girl held the other with her feet and ironed with

⁴ the skullet-like affair. Very adroitly the Bible woman and Blanche began their talk to the two. The older woman gave one excuse after another as to why she could not come to church. She was going the next Sunday to another town to buy and sell and perhaps when her debts were all paid she would believe. When the Bible woman opened her Bible and began reading. What a look of interest came on the old face and when we all bowed in prayer she bent her careworn old face over her rough hands. She promised to come to the church next Sunday. Then we went to another house where a naked boy of five or six was lying in the shade with his old grandmother who only wore her trousers and skirt but who quickly slipped on her "chuddery" or jacket. The two women in the next house who were ironing with ironing sticks, came and listened as we talked and one of them, a pretty young thing in a bright green gauze jacket that came to her arm pits, wanted to argue with the Bible woman. But she promised to come to the meeting and did so on Sunday and has asked for a Bible. Another place we were invited inside to sit on the waxed-paper floor and offered pipes for a smoke. The Bible woman explained that we were Christians! as a rule the Korean Christians never smoke. They give it up. None of ^{the} missionaries of our Board in Korea smoke. This giving up of tobacco by the Koreans was from example, as they are not told to do so by the missionaries. When we went to the door of one house a little wife, whose husband had driven her away in order to marry another, met us and taking my hand in both hers - in act of respect - she helped me up through the narrow, low doorway and seated me on the floor bowing as beautifully and with as charming grace as was possible. No grand dame could have been more graceful.

5 I am learning to love that dear, gentle manner, as everybody must. I could only pray every moment for the Spirit of God to do its great work in those dark lines for with our utmost efforts we are powerless without That Power of God. How you realize that every moment here in this heathenism!

Three of those we visited were at church the next day and others are coming. The other day after prayer-meeting the Bible Woman brought in a bunch of rags and threads on which was strung a big green bead - it was the object of worship of a poor old Korean woman who had given it up and decided to "believe". I had noticed her in the meeting, with her old wrinkled, hardened face and grey head and the intense interest she took in every word that was spoken. I am sending you a bit of the piece of colored cloth to which a poor, hungry heart poured out its prayers in the hope of finding help.

The other day a woman was ill in the village here by Blanche's gate and at night an old man came out and set out some rice and woman came in the air and some in the water threw some on the ground, making offerings to the spirits of earth, air and water and repeating over and over, "Great Buddah hear us! Great Buddah hear us! Great Buddah send help!" In Christian lands where all about is the blessed fruit of Christianity we have not the least conception of the meaning of heathenism, not the least conception. It is something awfully appalling to come face

to face with it everyday, everywhere.
The little Korean children in this village
by our gate have nothing to play with all
day long and all day long they race and
scream and fight and swing on our
gate, the only ^{wooden} gate most of them ever saw.
George has had to put new hinges on the
gate several times so he said to us the
other day, "I'll have to make them a 'Keun cui'
which is Korean for swing. So he spent a
half day bracing and fixing a swing, after
buying a strong rope. The whole village,
mothers with babies on their backs, grand-
mothers carrying heavy children, babies
naked and half clothed children, laughed
and commented at every motion made
by the kind Moksa. "What was a Keun cui
like, anyhow? how did you work it? It
cost two yen!" That was the climax - as
much as days of work would bring to
these poor, poor creatures whose daily wage
is about 20¢ gold ^{per day}. If you could have seen
that happy crowd when the swing was ready
for work. It was almost tragic the joy
and excitement. The little things did not even
know how to hold themselves in the swing
or whether to look up or down. One little
girl got in with her heavy baby brother on
her back. It was sweet to notice

2 show the littlest ones had the first
chance. One boy did all the swinging and
did not have his "turn" for a long time.
They kept it up until late at night and
the next morning, long before time to get
up I looked out ^{hearing a big racket,} and counted fifteen
grown up people and an uncountable
number of children all sitting on the
ground and watching, with shouts and
laughter, the performances of those in
the swing. One best old man with his
loaded jiggee on his back, leaned on
his stick and grinned at the fun; an old
grand mother stood rocking her body back
and forth, quieting the baby on her back, her
toothless smiles distorting her old face.
It was worth while to make all that
happiness, wasn't it? George is always thinking
of things like that. He is a true missionary
and so is his wife, Blanche. That sweet
Paul is just now busy writing you a letter
which I enclose. This has been a very
scrappy letter, several days intervening be-
tween the parts. George is going up beyond Peking Yang
next week with me. I am so thankful. The folks
all along the way, at Taihu and Seoul are
sending invitations for me to "stop over" but
I feel I must get on to my work. I had a
little sick spell two days in bed, but am all
right again. Oh, I love friend dear - more than ever. I think